



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Book Reviews

Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus: The Roman Poet Presented to Modern Readers. Edited by CHARLES LOOMIS DANA and JOHN COTTON DANA. Woodstock, Vt.: The Elm Tree Press, 1908.

This presentation of Horace to modern readers is in the form of English versions by various writers of selected Odes and Epodes, and of passages from the *Satires* and *Epistles*, all classified by the editors according to theme. A group of introductory essays—if we may term them so—occupies the first place in the volume, and individual notes are prefixed to the several versions to help the reader in the appreciation of them. These essays and notes are by the editors, and show a genial enjoyment of Horace in their own souls, but a zeal that is without sufficient knowledge in the interpretation of the poet. It is difficult to understand how real lovers of Horace could treat him so blunderingly, when even common editions of the text, to say nothing of books of general reference, would easily have set them straight. How is it possible, for example, that anyone should assume to instruct readers on “The Geography of Horace” who could speak of Lydia as a “region of Africa” (p. xlviii), of Tarentum as a “suburban town” (p. xx) along with Praenestum (*sic*), and again as a “resort near by” Rome, along with Baiae, Tibur, and other places (p. xlviii) who could define the position of Velie (*sic*) and Salernum as being “in Lucania, near Naples” (p. xxiii); who thinks he knows that the Sacra Via is “a street in Rome about a mile in length, running from the capitol to the Regia Domus and Temple of Vesta, full of the turns,” etc. (p. 141), and can publish at the same time a most weird map of the course and surroundings of the street, and a photograph of a piece of the late paving recently uncovered, neither map nor photograph supporting the topographical definition? Nor in points of the understanding of Horace’s character and language does the case stand any better. The book is an eminently unsafe one to put into the hands of beginners in Horace; and that is a great pity, since the regard of the editors for the poet is so evidently genuine, and the versions are selected with taste and discrimination, and include work of some translators not so well known as they deserve to be.

One must believe that the editors could only in mockery have based their sketch of Horace’s life on “a study of the medical side of Horace published in Vol. II of the Charaka Club.” The sketch therefore “lays rather special emphasis on the valetudinarian phase of the poet’s personality.” Some of the enucleations attained by these pathological investigations are worthy of record. For instance, the impatience with which the fasting Horace waited for the slow diners at Forum Appi (*Sat.* i. 5. 7 ff.) was because “he was so fastidious in his taste that he could

not bear to have others like what he did not—a trait characteristic of persons with weak stomachs and sensitive nerves;" the answer to a greeting, "Suauitur (*sic*), ut nunc est" (*Sat.* i. 9. 5), is discerned by the pathologist to be the utterance of "one not in buoyant health;" and Horace, having "at times lived somewhat riotously" (ah, those girls and wine-suppers!) had "an arterial sclerosis and a bad heart, and died either from a cardio-renal trouble or from some form of cerebral apoplexy."

E. T. M.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Translated into English Verse
Corresponding with the Original Meters by JOHN MARSHALL.
New York: Putnam, 1907.

After having been forced to speak ill of one well-meant book on Horace, it is an especial pleasure to be able the next moment to speak well of another. The rector of the Royal High School at Edinburgh herein does his best to disprove an earlier *dictum* of his own that "only in unrhymed translation could one be even moderately successful in the translation of Horace." These translations are in rhymed verse and are successful, in any sense in which that word can be used of a translation of Horace. The principles on which the translator worked are so admirable and so admirably set forth in his Preface, that it is a temptation to repeat them here at full length. But space will not suffice for that. Enough that they include not merely rigid precision in the equivalence of idea, but correspondence of line with line and phrase with phrase, though of course with freedom as to grammatical structure. These rules set a very high standard of conduct for a translator but Mr. Marshall meets his self-imposed test very bravely. Better than any discussion will be the quotation of some of his versions of different Horatian meters. They will show his sense of the correspondence of rhythmical forms and his power of English diction:

Men shall tell,
Where Aufidus' fierce torrents rave and swell,
Where drought-vexed Daunus fills a rustic throne,
How I, from humble stock to greatness grown,
First dared Aeolian song with Latin speech
To attune. (C. iii. 30. 10 ff.)

Your Persian pomps, my lad, I cannot brook;
Chaplets with linden laced suit not my brow;
Summer's last rose seek not, in what odd nook
It lingers now. (C. i. 38. 1 ff.)

Leuconoë dear, seek not I pray to know what Heaven hath hid;
The span to me accorded, or to thee, is lore forbid. (C. i. 11. 1 f.)

Perchance Spring's advent down the quivering brakes
A whisper sends, or lizards green are peeping,
Through bramble-bushes creeping;
Forthwith in heart and knees he quakes. (C. i. 23. 5 ff.)